Stinging reflections while he yields his breath,
Add point and poiſon to the ſhaft of Death. TRAPP.

A late Reverend Author very juſtly obſerves,

Men may *live* fools, but fools they cannot *die*. Dr. YOUNG.

When ſleep cloſes the weary eyelids of the labouring huſbandman, the wakeful fancy often ſports itſelf in Dreams, and preſents to the imagination the employments of the foregoing day*. A proof this, that the ſoul of man,

* Dull ſleep inſtructs, nor ſport vain dreams in *vain*,
Our *waking* dreams are *fatal*.
Dr. YOUNG.

man, the ſeat of action and the ſource of thought, in its nature and operations muſt undoubtedly be immortal, and as it ſleeps not in *this* world, will not in *another*.

Am I then Immortal? what is the conſequence, but that Immortality will be my endleſs joy or curſe, when Mortality ſhall be ſwallowed up in life, and days, weeks, months and years, ſhall be to me no more for ever.

Time will ſoon be over, and a never-ending eternity begin; many have clos'd their eyes in time, and opened them in an eternal world, never to be clos'd more. Oh how awful is the thought! how ſudden the tranſition!

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